

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Whatever you do—Be good!
Do not be afraid to say "I am a boy" or "I am a girl" but you must be true.

POETRY.

My Paw Said So

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are going to spend their vacations, and how?
Whether you go to the seaside, the countryside or the mountains, be sure and learn something new every day—something useful.
It doesn't pay to stand round like a blind man and see nothing. Some blind people sense more than those who are around them than those who have eyes to see.

It is as necessary for children to play as it is for birds to fly, or other creatures to run, for it develops strength and endurance.
The study habit is not necessary in vacation time; but there are lots of things to be learned without study. Whatever you feel curious to know, find out—there is as much fun in the search for knowledge in this way as in solving a riddle or mastering a puzzle.

Get the habit of wanting to know things and making respectful inquiry of people who may know, and they will be glad to tell you. If there is no one to tell you, bear the matter in mind until you find out. Finding out things that take time and patience makes one feel as if he had won a prize.

There are men and women who know things upon sight—the little plants in the garden by their form; the birds that pass them in the air by their size and manner of flight; the trees by their form and foliage; the rocks by their crystallization and cleavage; the wild plants in the fields by their location and flower; the hills that were played up by glaciers from those that have only borrowed light, etc. It is a source of pleasure to recognize the butterflies in the field and the shells along the seashore.

The people who can do this wish to know why, and wherefore, and what! They are inquisitive after knowledge. Get these little words in your mind to stay—what, why, whence. This grouped and kept they become prompters to us to know—to acquire more knowledge.

You see a thing—what is it? Why is it? The cause, the character, the use? Whence, from what condition, state or place.
Wide-Awakes who do not go away from home may learn more from observation than those who do by just being alert for information.

All who act upon these suggestions will be better writers, and perhaps the future book-winners of the Wide-Awake Circle.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.
1—Dorothy W. Clark of Norwich, The Bobby Twins at Meadow Brook.
2—Frank M. Gray of Williamsville, The Submarine Boys and the Middle.
3—Agnes Kaminski of Norwich, The Meadow Brook Girls on the Tennis Courts.
4—Gecelia Sterry of Brooklyn, N. Y., The Meadow Brook Girls by the Sea.
5—Alfreda Walker of Gurleyville, Benny Brown and Sister Sue at Aunt Kate's.

6—Martha Hargrey of Uncasville, Daddy Darwin's Love.
7—Katherine Hickey of Montville, Three Little Women at Work.
8—Harry Levi of Bozrahville, Robinson Crusoe.
The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.
Anna LaRoche of Versailles: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled The Automobile Girls in the Berkshires. I have read it through and think it is very interesting.

Thelma Boynton of North Franklin: I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I have read it and find it very interesting.

Ivy Fisk of Norwich: Thank you very much for the prize book you gave me. Its name is Madge Morton's Victory. I have read it through.

Agnes Kaminski of Norwich: I thank you very much for my prize book, The Camp Fire Girls in Winter Years. I have read it and found it very interesting.

Nancy Tetrault of Versailles: I received the prize book you sent me. I read it through and found it very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Doris Easterbrooke of Williamsville: I received the prize book all right. I read it through in four hours. Many thanks.

Cecelia Sterry of Brooklyn, N. Y.: I received my prize book which I have read through. I have let several friends read it and they say Madge Morton's Trust is a very interesting book.

Almira Kramer of Colchester: I thank you very much for my prize book, Bunny Brown and Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While.

Jessie L. Brehaut of Jersey City, N. J.: My prize book entitled The Automobile Girls at Newport came to me by mail this morning. I thank you kindly for it. It is a very nice book and I know I shall enjoy reading it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.
The Newsgirl Finds Her Patient Rejoiced.

Julia was a very little girl who was not old enough to make money, and besides that she was lame. Julia sold papers to help her family which was poor. Her mother was not strong enough to work and she had no father. He had died when she was about two years old. Julia did not make much money but she was very tired standing on her feet in one place, and sometimes it rained, and in spite of the great snow that her mother wrapped around her, it wasn't very pleasant.

Julia wasn't at all pretty, she was too thin. She was nine years old, but so small that she looked hardly seven or eight. She had naturally large eyes. One thin little leg she wore in a brace. The one feature that made her face was really beautiful was her mouth. It looked like a brave little mouth, and it was brave, because Julia had suffered a great deal of pain in her short life. Days when she went to school the other children made fun of her. She could never run and play games as they could, and she was never allowed to go out. Every minute that Julia could save from her work she spent in reading. She read anything, even the newspapers, although she hardly understood them.

The picture of a little girl (dame) standing on the corner selling papers may sound like a joke, but in truth she was hardly noticed by the great business crowd that swept past every day.

One night it rained hard and Julia leaned against the brick wall and looked up at the stars. She was tired and her head ached. She was looking at the stars when she saw a light in the distance. It was a very bright light and she was looking at it when she saw a figure in the distance. It was a very bright light and she was looking at it when she saw a figure in the distance.

Every night at this time an old man stopped and bought two papers from her. He was a cross looking man, and he never said a word to her. One day when he took the papers from her, she saw that he was looking at her. He was looking at her and she was looking at him. He was looking at her and she was looking at him.

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1,000 peach trees. They are very small and will not bear this year. I received a picture of a peach tree with the most flowers. Another girl also got a prize for flowers.

Baked Eggs—Prepare a pan for frying; then put into a baking pan with a little water, flour, pepper, and salt. Bake twenty minutes. Make a gravy of the butter and milk. When the eggs are baked, add a little butter.

MARTHA HARGREY, Age 13, Uncasville.

A Rainy Day.
One beautiful sunny day during vacation, I and five or six of my friends decided to go to a picnic in some woods about three miles from my house. We started early in the morning, about half past eight o'clock, after having had a good breakfast.

We hitched up the old horse and started off, a merry crowd. As I think of it now, I am sure we would not have been happy if it were not for the rain. We were wet and cold, but we could not help it, so we started out prepared to enjoy ourselves thoroughly.

We reached the woods; after a little while, for our horse went at a snail's pace, a favorite habit of hers. We were about half way through the woods, and that was when a mischievous boy set off a firecracker behind her. She was so startled that she ran, and we were all with her. We were all laughing and shouting, and we were all wet and cold.

Colchester.

The Proud Guinea Pig.
I once had a guinea pig called Wee-wee. He was a very small pig, but he was very proud. He was very small, but he was very proud. He was very small, but he was very proud.

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board of education, each of whom spoke a few words of advice to the graduates.

A dinner was served in the apartment for the principal and the members of the board of education. This dinner was cooked by the girls.

Work done by graduates was also exhibited in the auditorium. There was work from the following classes: Millinery, operating, cooking, industrial art, housekeeping, novelty and drawing rooms.

Compositions were written by some of the honor graduates on these different courses on these different courses.

I hope the Wide-Awakes have seen as nice a graduation and hope they will have a pleasant vacation.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rosa Bonheur.
Rosa Bonheur was a French painter. She was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822, and died in 1899.

She was the eldest of four children. When she was a young girl, her father, a poor drawing master, went to live in Paris, where he took care of his family. He was a hard worker, and he was a very good painter.

Her father sent her to school to learn writing and arithmetic. The other well dressed children teased and laughed at her. Rosa did not care. But she drew pictures, and these pictures were found out and she was sent home.

When Rosa came home from school she became her father's housekeeper. She took care of her brothers and sisters and kept the little home in order. She liked to use her pencil, and she would gather the little ones about her and teach them how to draw sketches.

One day she found some clay in a ditch and with it she modeled figures. The children made friends with the dogs and sheep in the fields near their home. She was a very good painter.

Rosa Bonheur became a famous painter. Some of her paintings are in the Louvre at Paris. The Horse Fair and Highland Cattle.

GRACE MAHONEY, Age 11, Colchester.

The Birds' Home.
Each mother bird has her own way of making the nest, but there is one thing almost all of them try to do, and that is to hide it. They cannot put their little homes out in plain sight, as we do our houses, because so many creatures want to rob them—squirrels, snakes, rats, cats and many others like to eat eggs and young birds.

Some birds try to hide their nests in the hollows of trees, and some in the tops of the tallest trees and hide their nests in the leaves.

Orioles hang their swinging cradles at the end of a branch where cats, snakes and naughty boys cannot come. Sparrows tuck their little homes in a tuft of weeds on the ground, and bobolinks hide in the deep grass.

After a place is found they hunt about for nesting material to build their home with. They use grass, twigs, fine strips of bark, strings, horsehair, wool and many other things. Birds, because they must make nests of mud, as they go on building the mother bird gets inside and turns around and around to make it fit her.

Some birds' nests are only platforms where it would seem as though the eggs would roll off, and others are deep bowls of mud in the ground where no one can get in. Some birds' nests are made of mud and twigs and others are cups of felt with little holes in them.

There are as many different ways as there are varieties of birds to make nests.

HARRY LEVI, Age 12, Bozrahville.

The First Day on the Beach.
Everything was new to my sister and I when we arrived at the seashore. We had never been to the water. We made a house in the sand, dug wells, gathered shells and pebbles, and talked over the large waves.

While my sister Catherine was deep in argument, Mary was full of mischief which she could not overcome. When she was quiet she drew a handsome piece of seaweed and hung it around her.

Mary started and I followed, hitting her at every step until she cried, but she was very mad, and while Mary waited for Catherine she slipped off her shoes and stockings and jumped into the water and swam. Mary followed, and what a race they had. Through the water and over the sand.

At last they stopped on a rock to rest. They were all out of breath and their hair was all over their faces; their feet and heads were bare and wet and covered with bits of seaweed, all the result of this race.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 15, Stafford Springs.

Our Graduation Exercises.
The members of the eighth grade of the P. M. S. school held their graduation exercises Thursday evening, June 15th.

The afternoon each member went over to the school where the graduation exercises were held, and trimmed it with black and orange crepe paper, for black and orange were our class colors.

Then we went to some of the neighbors, asking them for flowers. In a few minutes each member had a bunch of flowers. We decorated the stage with these, which made it look very pretty and attractive.

After that we went home to get ready for the graduation exercises. They started about 8 o'clock in the evening. Each pupil marched to the stage, carrying a bouquet of white rose buds. There were 14 pupils in all, seven from our school and seven from the other school.

The most enjoyable thing was the play given by the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades, The Man Without a Country. The pupils, taking off their hats, bowed to the audience.

Itching, Chafing

Baby's Skin

Nothing heals like

Sykes Comfort

POWDER

Here is proof and baby's picture

The nurse says: "I am sending you the photograph of a happy, healthy baby who suffered from a chafed, sore, inflamed skin and was relieved immediately by Sykes' Comfort Powder. In my work as a nurse I have found Comfort Powder to be a healing wonder for itching, chafing, scalding and skin soreness."—Martha B. Pursell, Reg. Nurse, Berwick, Pa.

Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation which combines healing, soothing and antiseptic qualities unequalled to heal skin soreness of infants, children and sick people. Used and endorsed for 20 years by leading physicians, nurses and mothers. Ask for Sykes' Comfort Powder.

At Drug and Dept. Stores, 25 cents.

THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

mother, and what a happy world!"

ANGIE WHITE, Stafford Springs.

Too Many Witnesses.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you what happened at my school one day. When my teacher was sick, a different teacher came to teach us. As soon as the teacher came to school the children were playing in the schoolhouse. A picture of the Declaration of Independence was on the wall and the teacher was broken. When the teacher came back some of the girls tried to blame it on the boys, but there were too many witnesses to do that. The teacher said she would pay for the picture.

When our teacher came back she said: "Do not play in the schoolhouse."—LOUIS POLLOCK, Age 12, Eagleville.

Greene and Cornwallis.

When General Greene went north in disgrace, Cornwallis was put in command of the southern army.

General Greene's men had hardly any food, clothing or money. They were very brave.

Greene sent General Morgan against General Tarleton who was on the British side. Greene was on the American side.

Morgan had about nine hundred men, Tarleton about one thousand, one hundred and thirty men killed and wounded and six hundred taken prisoners.

Morgan joined Greene. Cornwallis was defeated. They met at Cowpens, Maryland.

They got into Virginia just ahead of Cornwallis. He didn't dare to chase them further because he knew that Greene was waiting for him.

Green received more men and returned and fought his enemy at Guilford court house. N. C. Greene was victorious, but with his army in good order. He crippled Cornwallis.

The British army was tired and almost starved. Cornwallis' men were not able to go to Charleston, where his supplies were kept, so he decided to go to Wilmington, where he could write and talk with the English fleet.

The French fleet came over with 6,000 fresh troops in command of Rochambeau.

Washington went to Lafayette with his men. Cornwallis was surrounded. He had only one way to escape, that was to cross the York river and retreat. A heavy storm stopped him. After three days the British came over with 6,000 fresh troops in command of Rochambeau.

Mansfield.

The Menagerie.

My mother was always wishing for a canary bird but she thought her wish never would come true.

At last the Stafford fair came and on the last day there was a man on a cart with a cage of canaries.

He wanted one dollar and a half for them, but no matter how much they cost, my mother purchased one.

We brought it home and the next day my father went down street and got a canary bird for me.

We put him in his new cage and gave him some food and he began to sing lovely.

The following Thursday my father took a trip to New York and when he came home, to our surprise he brought a little guinea pig home and a hamster for me.

We also have a chameleon and a trained kitty. We ask him to beg for a piece of meat and he will crawl up to the cage and beg for it. We have got a comfortable little bed, in back of the warm fire and the chameleon sleeps on the plants.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 14, Stafford Springs.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Woodchucks.

Dear Uncle Jed: My father told my youngest brother and I that he would like to see a woodchuck. I have had two traps set for them all summer.

The other day my brother was coming home from school and saw a woodchuck half grown and saw a small one.

He had a hoe and tried to hit him, but could not. That night he told me about it and I saw a trap there. The next morning he looked at it and I had the woodchuck.

My brother, who has written many stories to you has caught five.

The small woodchucks will run and play like kittens. They are cunning at play, but they are very destructive to the garden.

They also trample down the grass, so it is hard to mow.

I think they are hungry after sleeping all winter in the ground.

FRANK M. GRAY, Age 9, Williamsville.

The Load of Hay.

Dear Uncle Jed: Mr. Smith, a farmer, was coming home from work one night when he saw a load of hay by the roadside. He was working hard trying to put it in a wagon.

Mr. Smith said: "You seem to be tired working. Won't you have some supper?"

"No," said the boy, "my father wouldn't like it."

"Never mind, I don't think he'd care," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, yes, he would," said the boy.

"Your father must be a queer man," said Mr. Smith. "Why wouldn't he like it?"

"Because he's under the hay," said the boy.

HELEN LOWENBERGER, Age 9, Norwich.

The Art of Candy Making

The art of candy making originated with the Chinese long ago.